erry boat, Graves said: "Mr.
this body of water is one of
st picturesque, romantic and
beautiful spectacles in the
Poets rave over it. Novelists
ges about it. The Times would
ave some comment from you.
reflected, turned the subject
his mind and then replied

big bay."

* * * * *

is a called meeting of the Ep-
eague in the rooms of Peter
750 Hotel Essex, at 7 p. m.
iesday. Delegate Irv Cobb of
Ky., author of "What Hap-
Little Waldo," will speak.

* * * * *

Walters, the African brunette
airman of the National Negro
ic Party, whatever that is,
is temporarily condescending
doorman for Tammany Lead-
y at the Palace, paused yes-
hile carrying in a couple of
f Old Overholt. (They are
to the free ad). He said:
er be a doorkeeper in the
the Lord than to dwell in
of the wicked."

TURNED EXILE PASSES OUT BOUQUET

tes Certain n About Town Are Positively Youthful

nd of Perpetual Youth!"
emanated from James R.,
"Jimmy" Nourse, formerly a
isco city editor, now head of
rsal News Service at Wash-
C.

is here to write a few
eces for a string of papers
is stuff.

ugh he has been, "Jimmy"
e in visiting the Examiner
n local rooms. He used to
both of them. Of course
on the LOBBYIST editors.
Jim" pulled the Ponce de
he was asked to prove it.
Ned Hamilton," he coun-
st as young-looking as on
e Spanish-American War

gh Burke. I just saw him
emian Club. Hugh is as
when he was learning to
cs for the Call. And that
time ago.

here's Mike Tarpey. Of
sno climate is principally
Mike is the youngest man
to boast.

was asked how the Wash-
es liked San Francisco.
crazy about it," he replied.
brought their wives along
ble, because all the wives
ey intend to make their
and the Washington cor-
are worried about the
oing to work for "Charley"
neral de Young, Fremont
Dick Crothers."

Today! Ring W. Lardner

The ST. FRANCIS LOBBYIST

Thos. J. Coleman ~~ Publisher

Volume I. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 30, 1920 No. 7.

"DISTY" AVERS NOTHING ON ARRIVAL HERE

Least Known of Paris Kickers Calls for Absinthe and Makes Astounding Statements That Mean Less Than Nothing in Two Languages.

Mlle. Mistinguette Dintinguette, the Parisian danseuse who hopped off from the Quai d'Orsay in an airplane late last week to carry a plank to the Democratic platform, arrived on the roof of the St. Francis early this morning.

Mlle. Distinguette, who is perhaps the least known coryphee between Montmartre and the Mediterranean, reported a pleasant trip but refused to exhibit her plank, thus leaving universal speculation in an entirely speculative or flat condition.

When informed that rumor credited her with the intention of seeking a hearing before the Platform Committee on behalf of the mannequins of Paris who object to Fifth Avenue competition, Mlle. Distinguette said:

"Oo la la! Hors d'oeuvre. Cafe au-lait avec quelque chose! A bas demitasse. Kookoo!"

Naturally enough, the reception committee was thrilled, and made no reply.

Being pressed for particulars, Mlle. Distinguette insisted that she would take absolutely nothing but a Suisesse.

She was cheered to the echo and beyond.

The flight from Quai d'Orsay to the St. Francis roof was uneventful. An air hole was encountered over Nebraska, and in Utah the visibility was so poor that no Mormons were seen. The Rockies were crossed in the high, and the Sierra via the snowsheds which are no longer impervious to motor traffic when rightly approached.

After changing from flying to dancing clothes, Mlle. "Disty," as she likes to be called by those who will consent to speak to her at all, gave a brief account of her career.

Mlle. "Disty" was born at an early age on the environs of respectability. She was raised in obscurity, educated at large, and trained for her profession at intervals. Since then she has been fairly well ignored by the principal managers.

Her arrival on the roof of the hotel caused almost as much furore as the advent of an alternate from Porto Rico.

A Tough Luck Tale of The Turf Told by

RING LARDNER

(Courtesy—Bell Syndicate)

OF ALL SAD WORDS OF TONGUE OR PIN THE SADDEST ARE THESE:—THE HORSE DID WIN.

They's many a sad thing happening here, but the worst I know anything about is as follows:

At ten o'clock Tuesday morning, Chinese time, Riley Wilson, a delegate from the 6 congressional dist. of W. Va. come into my rm. without no invitation and said he had a tip straight from the feed box on a horse running at Latonia. So he asked me did I want to bet on he or she? So in orders to get rid of him, I says yes bet a cool 25 on my behalf. So he says all right and walked out thank god.

Well it seems like he told a whole lot of other friends about the tip and they all told him certain big amounts of jack to bet like mine, and the gent from W. Va. put up some real jack himself and went down somewheres and bet on the horse.

Well the horse win, and at odds of 8 to 1. But it just happens that the horse win on Monday and that was the day the tip was for, but the bird from W. Va. was too busy with politics to open his telegrams that day and the pardon came too late, and for some reason another the bookies in the east was unwilling to cash a bet on a horse that win Monday when we didn't bet on he or she till Tuesday. So all and all I hope you boys don't want to borrow no money off of me.

HENNESSY HONORED

Mike Hennessy of the Boston "Globe" will be signally honored by Mayor Rolph this evening. The New England newspaperman will be permitted to lock the Golden Gate at sundown—a privilege conferred on but few of our most distinguished visitors.

The gate locking ceremony will automatically make Hennessy a member of the order of Knights of the Red Silk Hose Supporter.

CONVENTION THRILLS RELATED BY EXPERT

Political Specialist Paints Colorful Picture of Bourbon Gathering

By STAFF CORRESPONDENT

The Democratic convention convened again yesterday, an assemblage similar to the day before being in attendance. Everything ran to form, with committees doing the bulk of the work.

As predicted exclusively in these columns yesterday, a permanent chairman was elected, thereby placing the LOBBYIST convention reporter in the lead as a political prophet.

The permanent chairman made the second keynote speech of the convention, calling attention to everything overlooked by Kremer and Cummings in their addresses. The permanent chairman is a senator, consequently an experienced speecher. His speech was said by all Democrats to be a pip.

Contrary to expectations, no candidate was nominated yesterday. This is now expected to happen today although you never can tell. It is rumored that several men would like the honor. This much is certain: only one will be selected.

In the hotel lobbies last night, political wiseacres seemed certain that Hoover had no chance. There was a persistent rumor that none of the delegates now in session here would support Harding at the coming election.

It was learned yesterday that some of the newspapermen covering the convention for eastern publications, do not go to the Auditorium at all. They must have somebody to tell them what happens because their stuff certainly reads like they saw the whole show. This is known to be the fact because some of them were sick abed yesterday afternoon.

(Coprighted by the Lobbyist Syndicate.)

We have inside information to the effect that in case of a deadlock, a compromise candidate will be nominated.

FIRST VALVE

ist: As a stranger in
ish to ask who paints
nion Square. The ap-
tural verdure is admir-
Of course I know that
not be that green in
e brush were used on
from Kokomo, and our
always brown by this
The painting is very
I would like to know
osts, so that I can call
e attention of the Ko-
of Commerce.
—Silas Wegg Boffin,
Alternate, Ind.
Union Square do their
like perfect ladies.—

ION
LOVE SONG

HE LOBBYIST by Tom
red via the Ouija Board)

. Candidate;
ery much;
atform in your plank,
s and such.

stures of your arms,
perorations;
love the trim
explanations.

Chorus
Candidate;
y plea!
candidate,
true to thee.

: At this point the Ouija
we don't think that fact
k anybody's heart.)

RITICISM

oticed that there is no
show that played the
rden last night. Our
failed to show up al-
w his salary yesterday
des, the management of
led to bring the usual
tickets to the editors,
ıst have been punk.

epeaters

ONFIDENTIAL

itics

WOMEN IN POLITICS

By JNO. P. MEDBURY

(Courtesy "The Call")

came pretty near writing this in
instead of at the Auditorium and
was all on account of a woman
icate. It only takes two things to
d a man to jail. A woman and a
rol wagon.

* * * * *

I was standing in the St. Francis
by when a woman came along car-
ing a banner with "Ohio" printed on
"Ohio" means hello in Japanese
I spoke to her.

* * * * *

Then some friend of hers came along
rrying a banner with New York on
which meant good night.

* * * * *

The women ought to have a plank
ight but the only trouble is they
some man to carry it for them.

* * * * *

A woman doesn't know how to
oose a plank, she is liable to pick
e with a nail in it.

* * * * *

The women ought to have something
say about the government only they
re to be careful what they say about
or they are liable to go to jail for
licious talk.

* * * * *

The women demand an appropria-
n for a children's bureau. I would
e an appropriation for my own
reau, such as a few shirts, socks
d collars.

* * * * *

They are advocating free women.
m in favor of free women. It costs me ten bucks every time I go out with one.

* * * * *

I'm with the women alright. I'm with them every chance I get.

* * * * *

If I wasn't with them so much I might have a little money now.

* * * * *

Some people say that women aren't good financiers. Maybe not, but I know several fellows who have had their bank rolls taken by women.

* * * * *

They say that it's the women who pays and pays and pays. This may be so but I've never been out with one who did.

* * * * *

When the waiter comes to the table with the check, the dame starts powdering her nose and fixing her hair.

* * * * *

The only check they ever take is the kind that has "Pay to the order of" written on it.

* * * * *

They have what they call "Walking delegates." I would like to meet one of the walking kind. The only kind I ever met did all of their walking in a taxi cab.

* * * * *

Still, it's cheaper to take them in a taxi, because the more they walk the hungrier they get.

I'm for free women, free speech and free lunches.

An Irish Love Lyric

By RING LARDNER

I used to need money to spend and raise Hell,
But now I am stopping at this here hotel.
God bless you, St. Francis, Acushla Machree.
Aroona Corona, you're all right with me.

WANTED

A flock of girls for the mamouth production of "AIDA"---a wop opera with words and music. Must have good voices, good looks and class A architecture. Apply G. M. Anderson, manager Goof Roof Garden.

ST. LOUIS CANDIDATE IS BELATED ARRIVAL

Pulls Original Keynote Speech on Roof of Famous Hostelry

By ASHLEY TURNER
("Call" Hotel Reporter)

William Bevo Budweiser, the pride of Pawtucket, arrived at the St. Francis last night and immediately opened headquarters.

"I am not seeking either the Democratic nomination or publicity," said Mr. Budweiser in a statement prepared by his three press agents last night. "I believe I am the logical candidate of the Democratic party and after the third vote I believe the convention will be stampeded for me."

Later in the evening Mr. Budweiser made a public address on the roof of the St. Francis. There was a splendid moon and Mr. Budweiser was at his best. He spoke as follows:

"The rich have more money than the poor.

"The good are less numerous than the wicked.

"Those who toil work for a living.

"Night is darker than day.

I point with pride and view with alarm the past that is before us and the future that lies in the dim past.

"It is time we drew the sword of economy and pushed back the wave of extravagance.

"The Democrats won the war and I am a life long Democrat of two years standing.

"Many are called, but few get up.

"I am well fitted to be President, because I was a traveling man for thirty years.

"If elected President of the United States I shall live in the White House and I shall attend the Jefferson Day dinners. On March 4th I will ride down Pennsylvania avenue in Jeffersonian simplicity in my limousine."

Mr. Budweiser was greeted with hearty applause.

* VICTOR WILL SOLVE * LOVE PROBLEMS *

CHEF VICTOR

Dear Victor: I am passionately fond of onions in any form. My husband will not touch them. We continually quarrel because of this peculiar whim of my appetite. To assure peace in the family, how can I effectually remove the odor of onions so that my better half will not know I have eaten them?

—A Housewife.

Dear Housewife: I know of nothing better than garlic to remove the odor of onions.

—Victor.

* * * * *

My dear Victor: I am a young man of twenty-two and have fallen in love. My parents think I am entirely too young to be afflicted with a serious love thought. What time do you think a young man should fall in love.

—A. J.

Dear A. J.: Six o'clock.

—Victor.

* * * * *

Dear Victor: I am a salad mixer in the Snappy Cafeteria. I have been wooed, but not yet won by a handsome fellow who says he is a strawberry peeler in your employ. He loves me madly, but I am a cautious girl, and do not altogether trust him. Is it true he gets sixteen dollars a day, with Sundays off?

—Little Casino.

Dear Cassie: He has steady work here during the strawberry peeling season which lasts from the 29th of February to the first of April. He never works in March.

—Victor.

Beware of bunk convention tickets. All editors are not infallable and may make an occasional mistake not entirely typographical.

San Francisco

A SONNET

By BERTON BRALEY

High-colored, sparkling, very much alive,
Her feet atingle ever for the dance,
Her eyes agleam with laughter and romance,
Her brain alert to vision and contrive,
Gayley she greets what fortune may arrive,
Fearless of any turn of circumstance;
Gives Destiny a bright flirtatious glance
And Fate a wink—nor cares how they contrive.
She "jazzes" to the music of the spheres
And then—'twixt dance and dance—with sudden thought,
She stops to fashion miracles; the years
Will look with wonder on the dreams she wrought.
And she smiles blandly on her work, and then
Her syncopating feet dance on again!